PS 3535
.E46 T7
1911
Copy 1

The Twilight Prayer

Wilson Reid

Class PS3535
Book E46T7
Copyright No. 1911

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

WILLIAM REID

THE TWILIGHT PRAYER

AND OTHER

RAYS OF SUNSHINE

By

WILLIAM REID

THE C. M. CLARK PUBLISHING CO.
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

PS 3535
.E46T7
1911

Copyright, 1911
The C. M. Clark Publishing Co.
Boston, Massachusetts

$1.00

©Cl.A312104

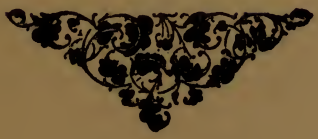
This little volume
is lovingly dedicated to the
memory of my grandfather
William Reid

Contents

The Twilight Prayer 1
Night 2
Death 3
Peace 4
The Light of Faith 5
Reason 7
The Two Oceans 8
Freedom 9
Charity 11
Progress 12
The Indian 14
Humanity in Nature 16
The Stars 18
The Evil and the Good of Money ... 19
The Song of Love 21
Ever Watching 23
Civilization 24
The Guiding Light 26
The Old Oak Tree 28
The Spirit of Night 30
The Wheel of Time 32
The Old Homestead 34
Poetry in its Relation to the World 36
Content to Linger 39
Consolation 41

The Stage 42
True Love 44
Religion in our Daily Lives 45
To Stanley 49
The Perfect Working Day 51
The River 53
The Earl and the Farmer 55
To Mother 57
Self Intelligence vs. Simple Trust . . . 58

THE TWILIGHT PRAYER



THE TWILIGHT PRAYER

In the twilight's dusky presence,
When the night is drawing nigh,
And the birds are flitting homeward
'Neath the golden-tinted sky,
When the day is slowly waning
To the march of ancient Time,
And the wind is softly sighing
To the brooklet's happy rhyme—
Comes a thought of grateful blessing
From the weary hearts of toil,
To the Giver of these riches
From the fruits of Heaven's soil

When our hearts are rendered lighter
With the peace of doing right,
And the shadows of the gloaming
Cast their darkness o'er our sight,
When the veil of night descendeth
O'er the landscape far and near—
With here and there a gleaming
From an early star of cheer—
Thrills a note throughout our being
Lighting up the golden stair,
And we climb a little higher
As we kneel in silent prayer.

NIGHT

Under the starry gleam of night
  The waving branches sigh;
And lend their shadows to the scene,
  While owlets hoot and cry.

The winding streams flow gently by;
  The moon smiles o'er the crest,
And sheds a soft illuming light
  O'er nature's needful rest.

The nightingale soars overhead,
  And trills unto the skies;
The weary day-birds nestle close,
  Unwaked by night's weird cries.

The sleeping world is mantled o'er,
  And guarded by the Lord;
His leading hand is still outstretched
  To guide us o'er the ford.

DEATH

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors 'round me spread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid
And guide me through the dreadful
shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way
And devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

For death is but a peaceful sleep,
The passage to immortal keep;
And if the onward course is trod,
That leads straight to the realm of God,
Our earthly lives will bring us bliss
When death bestows the sealing kiss.

The Twilight Prayer

PEACE

Softly the breezes are blowing
  Up on the mountain side;
Clear as the breathings of Heaven,
  Wafting its blessings to guide.

Slowly the sunlight is waning,
  Lingering wistfully on,
Spreading its gold-tinted gleamings,
  Seemingly loth to be gone.

Brightly the hearthstones are shining,
  Lighting each darkened abode;
Quickly the moments are gliding
  Over the time-worn road.

And the Angel of Peace travels onward
  His mission of trust to fulfil;
All nature is gratefully glowing
  With purpose of heavenly will.

THE LIGHT OF FAITH

Through life's gloomy deserts
When passions lie low,
And sorrow is rampant
And viewed as a foe,
Just think of His image
When nailed to the cross,
And how He had suffered
To make up our loss.

He lay in a manger
One soul-stirring day,
All wrapped up in swaddlings,
Surrounded by hay;
When lo! from the Heavens
There shone forth a light,
A promising beacon
Revealing the right.

It traveled the ages
Through mocking and doubt;
And ever grows brighter,
The way to point out.

Just follow its leading,
And spread the glad light;
Have faith in the morrow,
The future is bright.

REASON

When the soul has lost its comfort
In the drift of mortal life;
When its form of use has foundered
In the tidal wave of strife;
Still there shines the light of Reason
Through the desolated spot;
Like a guiding star of promise
Pointing to a better lot.

THE TWO OCEANS

The air is soft, and mild, and cool,
  And breathes a welcome rest;
A ship is sailing peacefully
  On the ocean's passive breast;
The sky above is bright and blue,
  Fleeced o'er with snow-white clouds;
An ocean of pure light and air
  That floats o'er the vessel's shrouds.

'Tis a wondrous thing to contemplate
  And harder yet to bind—
An ocean wild with an ocean calm
  In the compass of one mind;
A sky of blue and a sky of black,
  Like thoughts both light and dark,
Receive their impulse from the soul—
  The one illuming spark.

FREEDOM

All nature breathes the freedom of the soul;
The lofty mountain heights its blessings tell;
The surging tides of waters vast and deep,
And forests where the woodman's axe ne'er fell,
The smallest grass-blades of the barren heath,
The grains of sand along each wave-swept shore,
The raging winds and passions of the deep,
Breathe freedom from the depths of nature's core.

All nature speaks the truth of freedom's right;
Her walls of time no tyranny disclose;
From early spring to winter's passing chill
The voice of nature cants no solemn woes;

The Twilight Prayer

Humanity is written on her breast—
A lesson ever on the wings of time
To still the mortal anguishes of man
And thrill his soul with freedom's
happy rhyme.

CHARITY

Around an oak's majestic girth,
Fast rising from the mother earth,
A creeping vine its fibers wind
In shelter of a stronger mind.
The oak looks down with tender care,
And shields it from life's grinding wear:
His strength of limb no tremor knows;
He takes the world's unstinted blows—
'Tis but an echo of life's woes.

"No harm shall come to thee," he says,
"And naught but love shall guide thy ways;
Through me a refuge you shall find;
The Lord of all is just and kind."
And so the fortunes of the world
Are banners from on high unfurled,
To guide the footsteps of life's poor,
And keep in view the sacred cure—
'Tis Good and Truth that will endure.

PROGRESS

When man has lost his freedom
In the quest for hidden gold;
When the wily arts of Satan
Have secured their lustful hold;
Where is liberty and justness
In the slavery of time?
Does foul greed usurp his manhood,
Drifting far from truth sublime?

In the child-minds of his offspring
He instils no seed of truth;
But the craftiness of commerce
Mars the beauty of their youth:
Does he think this awful grinding
Paves the way to Christian light,
When he breaks the laws of union
That are made in Christian right?

Is there time for honest progress
In this falsity and strife,
When progression's ways are tainted
With the trading lusts of life?

"Nay!" the soul of love respondeth,
"'Tis by charity we're bound
In the union-love of brother,
Meek and lowly as the ground."

THE INDIAN

His life was free and of the plain,
  His art was of the bow;
The woodcraft of grand nature's crest
  Was freedom from the foe;
The wigwam was his simple home,
  The stream his only drink;
He wandered o'er the trackless wood
  Right to the ocean's brink.

The savage beast he hunted far,
  And built his bark canoe,
With which to skim the inland lakes
  And shoot the rapids, too.
He viewed the country far and near—
  " 'Tis mine," he thought, and smiled.
The beauty of the boundless sky
  His simple mind beguiled.

But lo! a change has come to pass;
  His race has dwindled low;
The rifle and the cannon's power
  Displaced the simple bow;

The Twilight Prayer

A nation stands before the world—
A nation strong and great;
The White man rules his erstwhile home—
The Red man bows to fate.

What power has wrought this wondrous change,
This miracle of fate?
A law that man can fathom not;
Nor can one tithe abate.
Its truth and light adorn the world
And guide its winding way;
The Lord of love is at the wheel
And steers to endless day.

HUMANITY IN NATURE

As we journey through time 'mid its ever changing vistas of thought, the lesson of Humanity in nature becomes more apparent to the enlightened mind; and the peace of knowledge and power derived from our strengthened faith in human progress bestows a never failing source of happiness and trust that ever tends to increase our sympathy with the beauties of nature.

The Indian in his wild roaming and early habits had ever a vision of nature-light, that found utterance in his figurative language—a language of simple poesy. The sighing winds were to him as the presence of spirits dwelling in sorrow—the raging tempests like the angry passions of spirits dwelling in hate. Now, this creed was natural to the simple minds of early life; and the Indian's faith in one Divine Being, although crude and erroneous as to His divine dispensations, was yet a strong redeeming feature in his race.

They who acknowledge and believe in one God are on the road to a common center of truth which knows no divided and opinionated minds.

The minds of men are likened unto the objects and ways of nature. Those minds that are just and upright resemble in their integrity the sturdy oak or some other stronghold of nature; while others that are weak and villainous resemble objects of ugliness and hatred; not in outward appearance, perhaps, but as to their inmost thought. Thus the passions of humanity are pictured in nature. The animal, bird, plant and mineral life, proper to the land, and the fish life of the waters, together with all their attendant passions and changes, are symbolical of the mind of man with all its wealth of thought.

The symbolic language of poesy is pregnant with the humanity of nature and that bond of human sympathy which binds all races in the love of God.

THE STARS

Far thy lights are shining through the night,
Gleaming with a luster pure and white;
Myriad stars of love-lit sympathy,
Glowing with thy heart-truth—spirit-free.

Shine forever, satellites of grace!
Travel with the pride of nature's pace.
Onward, ever onward, worlds of light,
Through the endless blessing of thy right!

THE EVIL AND THE GOOD OF MONEY

The goal that thousands are striving for in the present age is for the power that money gives—conscience is smothered in the sordid lust for gain, and as a result we have the bane of greed among us—the poorhouse.

Where capital has antagonized labor to the point of desperation, unions of the workingmen have sprung up to combat the moneyed few who thus hold them in the bonds of commercial slavery by the forming of trusts that buy up or drive out of business all those who would make an honest living according to their means and education. It is thus that the children of the poor are compelled to seek the freedom of the streets, where they imbibe at an early age the habits and teachings of crime, because the struggle for a bare living has become so all-engrossing as to shut out the charity of the home where there can be no home—nothing

but the prison-like walls and atmosphere of a miserable tenement of the slums.

Have not these children the same right for the education and cleanliness and comfort that environs the homes of the rich?

There are hundreds of rich men who have attained their riches and social position by honest endeavor, and who as employers of labor are a blessing to humanity. These men are true Christians, and all their thoughts and deeds are dominated by love for a perfect home-life, where principles of charity and faith will form the foundation stones of many an earnest Christian life. Such men bring into their daily lives the teachings and examples of a true religion—love to God and the neighbor; and it is such men that should govern the nation. Religion is the life of political economy, and as such it will ultimately bind all nations in a universal love of peace and progress.

The Twilight Prayer

THE SONG OF LOVE

The growing light of early day
  Spreads o'er the morning sky;
And rested nature fondly views
  Its gentle rays draw nigh.
And as it mounts through endless space
  With loving purpose filled;
It stirs the world to busy life,
  With ardent hope instilled.

And next the glaring sun reveals
  The noon-tide of its power;
And nature rises 'neath its strength
  To meet the shining hour.
Its tide of daily use now turns
  To seek a needed rest;
And nature with its blessing filled
  Leans slowly to the west.

And then the shade of night descends
  And wraps the world in sleep;
The Lord provides for all our wants,
  We rest in Heaven's keep.

The Twilight Prayer

From early morn till darkest night
The song of love is sung;
And, though the earth-life slowly fades,
The soul is always young.

EVER WATCHING

Thine eye is watching, ever watching
O'er the troubled forms of life;
And its gentle rays are healing
Wounds of sorrow and of strife.

In our sleep and in our waking,
Throughout life's e'er changing ways,
Shine the wonders of its glory
Through the darkness of the days.

And its love is ever raising
Minds to visions of Thy might;
Through the humbleness of craving
For the way to know the right.

In the soul-light of its blessing
Is the cure for all our ills;
And the thorny ways of sorrow
Are smoothed o'er by loyal wills.

CIVILIZATION

How vast has been the growth and advancement of civilization from the time of the dark ages! How great the expansion and changes in the world's knowledge of the sciences, religion, and all that goes to make earthly life a paradise for the leading minds of the present age! The mind that can understand and utilize the arts and uses of nature-life for the sake of humanity and progress, and, through striving for the betterment of mankind, finds internal peace and amity and greater power for Christian endeavor, constitutes the true Christian.

Civilization is not the result of any creed or amalgamation of creeds, or the result of bare material knowledge and science, but true civilization finds its abode and impetus in the heart and soul of human life, responding to degrees of heavenly love and truth, through a spirit of desire.

Civilization in its true sense is regeneration in its purest state, free from

strife and evil, and all forms and agencies of self-love. True civilization embraces and embodies all that is good and merciful and just in the individual and race life of humanity.

Civilization as we know it is representative of the collective value of national life as far as worldly history is concerned with religion, political economy, the arts and sciences, and commerce; but civilization in its essence and entirety is symbolical of the spiritual life in man in the degree that he works and strives for the establishment of a universal brotherhood of man. This is what constitutes true civilization.

THE GUIDING LIGHT

A yearning of the heart's warm tide
  In silent quest for light,
A passing thought of future joy,
  A gleam from pastures bright
Will steer the craft of human hope
  Through waters dark and cold,
To goals beyond of light and heat,
  And secrets still untold.

From whence doth come this guiding light
  Shed from the heart's pure thought;
That moves the human power of brain
  To solve that which is sought;
And spreads the golden truths of life
  From love's abundant store;
To send their missions through the world
  In loving quest for more?

This guiding light is very Life—
  The Soul of earthly use;
And leads our erring minds to see
  The wrong of love's abuse;

The Twilight Prayer

'Tis love's true thought that seeks to
know
The ways of Heaven's will,
And into minds of earthly mould
The seeds of truth instill.

THE OLD OAK TREE

Gnarled and proud the old oak stands
  Before the cottage door;
And all the trees in all the lands
  I do not value more.
The old oak tree has sheltered me
  From early childhood days;
And now I'll rest where it has blest
  A lifetime's changing ways.

The happy birds their love-notes sing
  And swiftly gather 'round;
The sturdy oak its shadows fling
  Along the well-trod ground.
The home so dear is full of cheer
  Beneath the oak tree's shade;
Its joyous love from spheres above
  Will never, never fade!

I love to hear the night-winds surge
  Around its sturdy form;
I love the gentle soul of rest
  That follows earthly storm.

The Twilight Prayer

I love the Hand that made the land
For man to till and sow;
I love the sphere and purpose clear
That caused the oak to grow.

THE SPIRIT OF NIGHT

I sit and watch the glowing moon
Mount slowly in the sky;
It sails along with the gleaming stars;
And the dark clouds flitting by
Are framed with the moonbeams' silvery light
Which slowly wanes and dies;
And the moments fly as I gaze above
At the beautiful midnight skies.

So clear and bright the heavens shine
Above the cold, dark earth;
And the soul of night goes softly by
As it nears the morning's birth.
A kindred note of joyous love
Keeps pace within my heart;
And far across the glittering sky
The rays of moonlight dart.

O soul of night, what comfort gleams
Among thy realms so fair!
Thy life unfolds its purpose true,
Its rays of hope I share.

The Twilight Prayer

Sail on, bright moon, among the clouds
That melt before thy gaze;
The air tonight is cool and clear—
There is no dreary phase.

I sit and watch the gliding stars
That mark the paths of night;
And know that God with love controls
All nature's endless flight.
The Power that made the universe
For mankind's earnest thought
Will point the way through darkest night
When Heaven's truths are sought.

THE WHEEL OF TIME

Once more a year has glided by
To swell the varied past;
The old is now but memory
And joins the life there massed—
A fertile field of conscious truth
That floods the span of life;
And grows beyond proud nature's light
To spheres of higher strife.

No weary doubt can dim the eyes
That look to pastures new,
With budding hope and conscious strength
And duty's course so true.
A new year's welcome bringeth joy
To all who fully trust
In Providence and human use
For ways that guide the just.

The lesson taught in nature's law
Of time's romantic sphere,
Is but an echo of the life
That dwells where right is clear.

The Twilight Prayer

Each year that turns the wheel of time
  Is corresponding light,
That guides progression's steady rise
  Along the path of right.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

Far across the waters dark and cold,
In that land of childhood's happy times,
Where the homestead now so grim and old
Welcomes not the sons of many climes;
'Neath the shelter of the aged trees,
Lonely do the gray walls proudly stand;
And the doors creak loudly in the breeze,
Long untouched by any human hand.

Dear old homestead, how I love thee still,
Even in thy wreck of time and storm;
And from yonder woody-crested hill,
How I loved to watch thy noble form!
All is now a vision of the past;
Sorrowing, I dwell on memories dear;
But the saddened parting will not last—
Time will join the hearts of ancient cheer.

How the stars did twinkle in the night,
And the genial moon glowed with their love;

Shining forth to gladden nature's
flight,
Under heavenly guidance from above.
How the ivy clung to those old walls,
Lovingly it twined along each stone,
Harking to the sounds within the halls
That no more will echo youth's gay
tone.

POETRY IN ITS RELATION TO THE WORLD

Interest in poetry at the present time seems to have declined. The constant grind after money and the incessant work, work, work to obtain it is occupying the minds of all classes. But in reality it has not declined; it is only an unrecognition of its sphere—its presence, for while there is life there will be poetry—for poetry is an expression of love and love is life. Every person who loves music has a poetical nature according to the degree in which it is loved—for poetry is the ultimate of music, and in fact is music. The two are one and inseparable. Poetry embodies all the emotions of the heart—love, sorrow, anger, joy.

The rhythm or music which constitutes poetry and finds expression in words is governed by order, and all true happiness is ascribed in this world and elsewhere as the outflowing of that which is Divine—therefore it is from Divine Order, or the Lord. The waves

and tremulations contained in poetry are like the breathings of Heaven, that in their ultimate production constitute poetry—rendering it like the voice of heavenly emotions. When men have become sensible to certain truths that in time must and will make themselves known through their instrumentality to use, then will poetry be appreciated and recognized in its true worth—a worth derived from its great educational force and striving for the advancement of mankind. When the power of money has dwindled through the increasing intelligence of the masses and its evils guarded against—when order has regulated the system of living to its true apportionment—then will the currents of poetry flow in an uninterrupted stream to enlighten and bring consolation and joy to all mankind—for then truly the kingdom of the Lord will have come upon this benighted earth of ours—this vast school of the soul.

The poet advocates freedom, and poetry is an expression of freedom—a freedom that carries with it a revelation

of right and light born of love. It is a spirituality of thought raised far above the turmoil of the world as an example of Christian life.

CONTENT TO LINGER

The years have fled, my darling,
Since first I brought you here;
And many joys and sorrows
Have glided o'er our sphere;
But in this dear old cottage
That nestles 'mong the trees,
We're still content to linger,
And wander o'er the leas.

Yes, o'er the leas we'll wander,
As in the days of yore;
Just you and I, my darling,
Where youth had roamed before.

It is the same old story;
But love was there and truth;
And tho' we sometimes faltered
When shadows tinged our youth,
We looked to the Creator
When gloomy were the days,
And in our time of sorrow,
We trusted in His ways.

The Twilight Prayer

Yes, in His ways we trusted,
And He was good and kind;
We sought life's fount of blessing,
And left the clouds behind.

We're old and gray, my darling,
And have not long to live;
But Heaven's light is shining
For those who freely give.
And joy will be their portion
When in the future state.
So arm in arm, my darling,
We'll linger here and wait.

CONSOLATION

When hearts are bowed with sudden grief,
And life seems dark and drear;
The Voice that called our dear ones home
Will calm the present fear.

The ways of Love, to finite minds,
Seem often stern and grim;
And when the shade of Death descends,
The light of love seems dim.

Our earthly lives are sorrow-fraught,
But there is joy withal;
The love that draws the scalding tears
Is not beyond recall.

The Saviour knows our daily wants,
And though the way seems long;
He'll lead us gently to the light,
And right each seeming wrong.

THE STAGE

The stage as an educational force, and illustrator of poetical, sentimental, and emotional life, is prolific of good results and enlightened minds, if the moral sphere is observed and lived up to in the lives and teachings of those who portray the dramatic and moral element of worldly life. What could be more beautiful and soul-inspiring than the sight of a noble woman devoting her time, mentality, and goodness to advance and better the moral conditions of life, as superior intellects and genius perceive and understand it—striving not merely for fame and notoriety, but actually living and representing truths as they see them? But witness the performances of those who, although possessing genius and artistic ability, do not live up to the morals of their respective representations; or, if the play is bluntly suggestive of immorality, is the stage not then a menace and corrupter of common decency, doing untold harm and injury to the

growing minds of present and future generations? Does not public comment and every day conversation prove this?

Those who have worked and associated with the employes of great industrial corporations, mercantile establishments, factories, etc., know from their lives, actions, and conversation, how injurious and detrimental to progress is the portrayal of immoral plays, or plays that point a moral which is not recognized in the lives and actions of the performers.

There are plays of a lighter variety, vaudeville, etc., which, no doubt, serve to entertain and amuse the theater-going public, with, perhaps, no greater end than to take the mind off worldly care and responsibilities, and which are beneficial in that respect; but plays designed and performed with regard to spiritual, moral and civil virtue, are blessings and representatives of life in a higher vein, life as it should be portrayed; in short, life that is life!

TRUE LOVE

The land is bright with sunshine,
And clouds have rolled away;
The air breathes peace and gladness
On a winsome wedding day.

The bells are ringing clearly,
And their tones are filled with love,
Love that glows throughout all nature,
And its emblem is the dove.

A maiden, fair and lovely,
And a youth of manly form,
Have been joined in happy wedlock;
All is peace—no sign of storm.

The years roll ever onward,
But true love will never fail;
The earth-change brings no shadow
Where true love and truth prevail.

All is joy, and rest, and blessing,
Where the heart is staunch and true;
And the home-life shines with gladness
When the Saviour lights our view.

RELIGION IN OUR DAILY LIVES

What we need in our daily lives is more religion; more of the truths of religion, free from all falsities of erroneous human reasoning—religion in all its simplicity of faith, for the more simple a thing is, the more perfect it is, and simple religion carries with it universal truths that men of all creeds and denominations must acknowledge and accept.

Publicists of today are instilling gradually more true religious thought into their writings as they feel the need of the times, and rise to the public demand for more enlightenment on topics of great moral and political significance.

"The life of religion is to do good," and no man in public or private office can do good irrespective of religion, as religion must be the motive force to impel him in the right direction at all times and under all conditions.

The more religion a man possesses, or what amounts to the same, the more truth he possesses, the more does he will good to his fellowman, to his country, and to the world at large, always striving to the best of his ability for the betterment of moral and civil conditions in the government of home and country.

In order to possess truth and to live it, for man does not rightfully possess that which he does not live up to, and in order to inspire others to adopt the universal tenets of true living, man must acknowledge but one Divinity, the Creator and Preserver of the universe. The great fundamental truth of all religious life and thought depends upon the complete acknowledgement that God is the All of all—the Life, the Good, the Truth, the Soul of souls.

Just as the vegetable life of this world depends upon the light and heat from the natural sun to maintain and perpetuate existence, so is the life and perpetuity of humanity dependent upon

the inflowing light and heat from the sun of the spiritual world, or the Lord.

The more capacity a man has to receive and retain this light and heat, or what is the same, the more capacity he has to receive and retain good and truth from the Lord, for good corresponds to heat, and truth to light, the more is he a man, for his mind is then open to heavenly spheres, and expands and grows under the impetus of a life free from the subtleties and falsities attached to the life of the flesh, sensuous in principle, and gross in intellect, for the life of the spirit is unhampered by any worldly lusts or falsities, and when man throws off the material covering or natural body, his spirit is then clothed with a substantial body, or body corresponding to the life of his spirit as it is in reality, free from the hypocrisies and deceptions of earth-life.

The practice of religion in our daily lives must not be from habit, or the desire to appear just and upright in the eyes of the world, it must come straight

from the heart, the only sure prompter of mind and inspiration in our dealings with the world in all relations of every day life.

The road is often hard to travel, the way long and dark, but there is a beacon light ahead for all who choose to search for it, and he who finds it is doubly blessed and strengthened, and more able to cope with life's problems than the man who is content to grope in darkness, unwilling to see ahead further than the limited scope of false reasoning allows.

Self-love, or the love of rule, is a hard master, and leads, or rather drives, to destruction, but the love of a man's life when inspired from the Lord, looks first, not to the false lure of self-light, but to the one sure beacon-light of love to God and the neighbor.

TO STANLEY

No more thy youthful voice we hear,
  Its happy notes are stilled;
Thy innocence was sweet and pure—
  With childhood's blessing filled;
And earnest was thy early hope,
  In forms of loving trust;
The beauty of thy sacred sphere
  Is far beyond the dust.

Thy soul has left its earth abode
  To swell the angel band;
And though deep sorrow fills our hearts,
  We'll meet thee in that land
Where angels teach His shining truths,
  So we may know the right;
And live forever in His care—
  The strength of Heaven's might.

The separation will not last
  Beyond His chosen time;
And when He calls us to behold
  His works of use sublime,

Then, Stanley, we will there unite
In loving bonds of truth;
And mingle with the angel hosts
To live in endless youth.

THE PERFECT WORKING DAY

Although the labor unions have succeeded in obtaining an eight-hour working day, and many mercantile institutions are now working their employes on an eight-hour schedule, it is only a matter of time and progress before laws are drafted and enforced, that will enable the toilers to enjoy some of the fruits of their toil in being able to earn enough in four hours' work daily, to live comfortably and sanely, free from the ravages of overwrought nerves and modern speed madness.

Much of man's spare time is consumed by home duties, and he can hardly enter upon them cheerfully, and in the proper spirit of satisfaction and enjoyment that such duties naturally call for, after eight hours or more of weary toil under the present system of whiplash driving. The workman of today is actually crowding two hours' work into one to satisfy the inordinate greed of trust-fed employers.

Man must have sufficient time for contemplation and improvement; he must have more time in which to enjoy the comforts and pleasures of home and family, and in which to develop normally and sanely.

The regeneration of society may be a long way from realization, but the time will surely come when rational methods and laws will regulate our daily lives, through the power of a legislation that will consider the advancement and well-being of home and country in every phase of political development.

THE RIVER

O river, flowing river, on thy journey
to the sea,
What impels thee thus to wander in thy
garb of mystery,
Through the solemn tread of ages that
have blessed thy life so free?

Is there naught of pleasure draws thee
far beyond thy bidden sphere?
Art content to always linger where thy
waters run so clear,
Deep beneath thy rocky borders in
thine ancient home of cheer?

Men have fought for fame and glory
o'er thy banks so steep and grand,
And the craft of many nations have
been wrecked along thy strand,
But the grandeur of thy purpose still
brings men from every land.

The woodlands stretch far from thy
borders over vales and mountain-
sides,

And their passion-voice of freedom
mingles with thy rising tides,
Venting joy from spheres of gladness
where the soul of love abides.

Through the endless span of ages, God
protect thee in thy right!
And preserve thy sacred beauty safe
and strong in nature's light,
Where the glory of its blessing will
reveal the Saviour's might.

Journey onward! noble river, to the
ocean's gleaming shore,
'Tis thy pride of ancient power echoes
in the breakers' roar,
Voicing freedom! Joyous freedom! as
their mighty passions soar.

THE EARL AND THE FARMER

Along a narrow country road,
An earl of haughty mien;
Advanced with all his pride of wealth
To greet the Scottish queen.

Toward him there came a farmer bold,
With wagon-load of hay;
There was not room for each to pass
The other on his way.

The tyrant earl came to a stop
Before his glittering train;
"Get out of here! You low-born dog!"
He cried with great disdain.

The firm jaw of the farmer set
With purpose strong and grave;
He grasped his trusty pitchfork then—
For he was no man's slave.

"Proud earl!" quoth he, "if thou advance,
I'll pierce thy tyrant heart!
I know the right of way is mine—
Make way there for my cart!"

The anger left the earl's bright eye,
For he had courage, too;
"Brave farmer! thou hast won the day!"
He cried, and waved "adieu."

The moral of this tale is clear—
True courage knows its kind;
And found within a humble heart,
It fears no haughty mind.

TO MOTHER

Thy gentle love and tender care
Has shed its magic sphere of light,
Like gems of life from Heaven's sun,
That pierce the darkest walls of night.

Thy noble soul has forged ahead
To grasp the love from Heaven's store;
And when the weary children drooped
Thy mother-heart their sorrows bore.

Thy self-denying, patient care,
Is fired with Heaven's living truth;
The burning rays of holy light
That guard the thorny paths of youth.

No shade of sorrow dims that light—
It gleams from Heaven's shining dome;
To guide the mother-hearts of earth
To where the angels sing of Home.

SELF INTELLIGENCE VS. SIMPLE TRUST

Many learned men of the present day are using the most ingenious arguments in support of pet theories and beliefs which they profess to understand, and which they force on the understanding of others by subtle reasonings and demonstrations.

Thousands upon thousands of people possess and profess creeds and doctrines with the utmost comfort and faith in their stability. The Lord, in His Divine Providence, permits such beliefs and such blindness of faith, as a means of withholding and restraining rampant human passions and evils, which otherwise would overrun and destroy society, because man is regenerated in freedom, and can only attain higher planes of development by sane and systematic reasoning, which can only be acquired through the rightful interpretation and enactment of Divine law and order. That which is forced on the understanding is not professed

by the heart, and that which is acknowledged in the heart as truth is man's own—the result of his reason and desire.

It is not wholly among the illiterate that such blindness and falsity exists, for thousands of men learned in science and art, and possessing knowledge and intellect of gigantic scope, often go beyond themselves, and by ingenious reasoning and conversion of truth imbibe and support false doctrines and beliefs to which they blindly adhere.

Such men may be giants in intellect, but they may well take heed to the simple faith and charity of simple folk, who toil for their livelihood, and read their Bible with a trust and comfort that comes from the heart, and who are far above the unworthy ambitions of so-called learned men.

There can be but one true Christian religion, because there is but one Life, and religion is the good and truth of life. There are many ways of adapting religion to life, because life consists of infinite varieties, and no two minds

are exactly alike, but vary according to the similitudes and dissimilitudes of love and its accompanying affections. Every man is his life's love, and the ruling love of a man's life is the man himself—the inner man.

It's a question whether the artificial life of the present day is a superior or more progressive life than that lived by many peoples outside the line of civilization, which to a large extent is a civilization of trade and commerce.

Can we, with our boasted advance in knowledges, sciences, arts and crafts; commercialism, creeds and beliefs, claim superiority over tribes and nations that still dwell in a primeval state free from the insane lusts of greed and commerce?

I doubt if the giant in intellect is superior in wisdom to the honest toiler or simple tribesman, when he stubbornly persists in upholding beliefs that have originated from falsities of reason so ingenious in theory as to shut out the light of truth and substitute self-light or self-intelligence.

We investigate the intricacies of science and commerce from knowledges, but bare knowledge is nothing unless illumined from an influx of truth that is not merely the asset of learning, but the birthright of all, be they learned, or simple in life and thought.

The mind open to receive the influx of good and truth from the Lord, imbibes goods and truths of life and doctrine with the heart intelligence which comes from faith in Divine Providence and not from knowledges obscured in self-light.

The idea existing today with many eminent scientists, and from them with the general public, that man is descended from the monkey, and has progressed from a brute state by evolution, proves conclusively with what stubbornness such men close the reason to the light of truth shed from Heaven, and which was immediately received into the lives and understandings of the first men of this earth, who lived in that period described as the "Golden Age," and who were so near the angels in

goodness and beauty of life, as to be able to receive instruction at first-hand. Man degenerated successively through the various periods of the world's history, until he had sunk so low in the sensuous life of self-intelligence and self-love he chose to follow, that the Father, out of His Divine mercy, assumed the Human in order to save mankind and rescue humanity from the serpent of self-love.

He chose to be born a Jew, because he foresaw the scattering of that race over the world and the persistence with which they would adhere to the letter of the Word as bearing out the hopes and promises of their religion, utterly unaware that they were thus possessing and preserving a treasure of life from which the doctrines of Christianity would spring and progressively reveal to the world that the Word contained a spiritual sense within the sense of the letter—a wealth of infinite truth and goodness that could only be reached through the agency and

knowledge of the "Science of Correspondences," that science of sciences —the key to the Bible.

The Bible is written in a language of symbols, and as we study those symbols, their interval or spiritual sense is revealed, and more so as the world advances.

MAR 25 1912

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Oct. 2009

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 349 811 3